THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE FIRE-SIDE PREACHER.

"I say to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I."

The accuracy of the above sentiment, as expressing the opinion of an inspired orator will, perhaps, be less disputable with many of my readers, than if I had quoted a more modern author. Yet I am fearful that, among the more juvenile class the doctrine of celibacy will be considered with contempt, if not abhorrence; let it appear in whatever garb it may—whether as the opinion of Paul the apostle, or as the crude effusion of the tenant of a garret. I am well aware that many and several arguments may be adduced to prove the impropriety of the creed which Paul thus advocates. The world must be peopled. A domestic life is preferable to a life of dissipation, and a thousand other sage remarks are carefully thrown in the way to impede the progress of this Bachelor philosophy. I shall not for my part attempt to refute, what many are pre-determined to consider as irrefutable—and though I think the latter position is, by no means a fair one, yet I bow to the first as conclusive; and will suffer them both to pass by undisturbed. It was asserted by a friend of mine in conversing on this subject the other evening, that it was never a difficult matter to conjecture the basis on which this species of philosophy was founded; and that those persons who were continually endeavouring to give an eclat to celibacy by decrying the pleasures of matrimony, were no better than the fox in the fable who professed a hearty contempt for the grapes he had vainly endeavoured to reach. From this opinion I at the moment warmly dissented; but when my friend had retired, and I was left to silence, solitude and reflection, I began to reconsider the subject. From my own experience the principal arguments in this self-debate were to be drawn, and I revolved in my mind the events of my early life. It was no difficult matter to be convinced that, I had set out in the world with a more than ordinary portion of enthusiasm. There is perhaps no maxim more generally accredited than that, it is much less difficult to run into one extreme from another, than from either, to attain a medium. Enthusiasm, the parent of what is generally termed love, is, no sooner damped than extinguished, and no sooner extinguished than suspicion and distrust, usurp its place. After being jilted the third time, my hopes had vanished, my ardour was entirely chilled, and I exclaiming with Lee,

"Henceforth not name a woman."

I sullenly retired to the sequestered spot I now inhabit, from those scenes which I had once looked on with the eye of delight, and with a heart bounding with rapturous expectation. It is true, the good old lady who administers to my convenience and neceſſities, is one of the sex against whom I had issued the bitterest anathemas; but as I am secured from deception by age and deformity, I can repose in confident security. For myself, I found it was not the state of matrimony for which I had an antipathy, but the sex on whom its happiness or misery in the greatest degree depends. I had in my communication with the fair, found three whom I loved and who deceived me. Yet they may not all be so—there may be some exceptions—some who can feel the fervour of a reciprocal attachment for a length of time at which inconstancy would shudder. It is true our next neighbour possesses in the wife of his bosom, a lady of no common qualifications. Often in my evening rambles, when the weather is pleasant, and the low murmur of the breeze through the forest is propitious to meditation, as I have wandered within a few furlongs of their house, my ears have been saluted with the thrill symphony which is generally the prelude to one of those awful communications I have heard denominated curtain lectures. Often have my contemplations been disturbed by this species of vocal music, that, floating on the breeze more indistinct, though less melodious than the notes which are produced by the sighing of the evening gale over the harp of Æolus, has burst upon the silence of the forest and driven my reluctant steps towards home. Often on the subsequent morning have I seen my neighbour look as if he had received some mysterious nocturnal visitation that banished his wonted smiles of good humour, and his countenance has worn impressions which appeared to have been made by the operation of something more substantial than argument or music. For a considerable time after my residence in this vicinity, I was utterly unable to account for the phenomena which I heard in my evening-walks, or saw in my morning rambles on the face of my neighbour. As we were always sociable and friendly when we met, I at divers times endeavoured to ascertain the cause. To my enquiries respecting the first, he coolly replied, that the neighbourhood was infested with owls, to whom he attributed the noise, I felt almost disposed to deem preternatural,—and on the latter, that he had been killing a mischievous cat, that had been devouring his young chickens. I was satisfied with these answers. I suspected no prevarication.—But the same noise was so often repeated, and the same phenomenon so successively exhibited, that I could not help observing to him one day, "that his house appeared to be as surprisingly infested with mischievous cats as the neighbour-

hood was with owls." This remark produced a complete elucidation of the mystery; he endeavoured to give it as pleasing an appearance as he could, by telling me, that these trifling circumstances were necessary to relieve the dull uniformity of domestic life; and enhanced the value of the serenity that succeeded them; in the same manner that an occasional spell of the tooth-ache gave a delicious enjoyment to the ease which was felt on its departure. For the tooth-ache! indeed, at the bare mention of the name, I feel emotions of horror, from the sufferings it has caused me, and this conjunction of one of the blessings of matrimony with a thing so abhorred, gave me additional disgust to that holy state, and attached me forever to the life of an old Batchelor. Yet mortified and disappointed as I have been, my philanthropy is such that with the benevolent Paul I will say to my readers —"*I would that all men were even as I myself.*"

M.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

EVENING.

The setting sun with milder beams,
Now gilds the radiant skies,
And now his parting glory gleams,
Before our dazzled eyes.

Soon will he hide his splendid face,
And darkness close the scene,
Till Cynthia bright, with sober grace,
Smiles thro' the air serene.

The vivid landscape then anew,
With calmer lustre shine,
The flowers reviv'd with balmy dew,
No more their heads recline.

The gentle zephyrs spread the wing
And frolic o'er the vale
From whence a thousand flowrets spring
And scent the evening gale.

The silver stream still smoothly glides,
Meandering o'er the plain,
Here laves the mountain's grassy side,
There seeks the vale again.

Here oft the little warbling choir
Their tuneful notes display,
Here meditation's sacred power
And sister muses stray.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From my Uncle's Cabinet.

When a book is put into the hands of a school boy just learning to read, his attention is principally directed to perfecting himself in his lesson, without much regard to the subject which has employed the ingenuity of the author. Even when become a proficient in reading, he is content with the plain and obvious sense of the words, and is sufficiently delighted with the pretty story-book, without digging for the hidden meaning of an allegory, tracing the moral of a fable, or inquiring into the aptness of a metaphor. The young mind, not yet awakend into suspicion by the experience of duplicity, discovers its native attachment to truth by taking every semblance for the reality. Hence, when children read in Æsop of birds that talked, and beasts that reasoned together, their young fancies, active and pliant as their supple limbs, find no difficulty in flying back to some supposed period of time when the brutes were gifted with human speech, and birds and fishes were conversable as themselves. The initiation into the mysteries of falsehood is attended with a painful exertion of the understanding: and perhaps the first real distress which the mind suffers is, when convinced of the necessity of distinguishing, in the actions of men, between the "precious and the vile." But this so gradually impresses itself, that, when arrived to manhood we look back upon our childish days, the period cannot be distantly marked at which the meaning of deceit first addressed our comprehension. Now, accustomed to see inconsistency between the professions and actions of those with whom we are conversant, and conscious of error in ourselves, the view of it in others no longer so painfully oppresses the feeling as it would have done the unpractised mind. We can coolly calculate how interest or passion may swerve from the indeclinable path of truth; and contrive how fraud may be opposed and knavery caught in his own toils.—In reviewing the conduct even of those whom the world accounts the better sort, we have to acknowledge, with the Ayreshire ploughman,

"But Oh! mankind are unco weak,
And rarely to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

When thus become acquainted with the lights and shades of the human character, we frequently find occasion to apply the moral of those fables, which, in childhood delighted us merely as pretty stories; and their striking application affords an important exercise to the understanding. The fable of the satyr and the traveller was, I remember, once brought strongly to my recollection by the following incident. The adjustment of the deeds of Mopington Hall having rendered my presence necessary at Baltimore, and "the law's delay," detaining me there beyond the week; on sabbath day I sought for a place of worship (as is my custom) without designing a preference to any particular denomination, being persuaded that the offering of a contrite heart is every where acceptable to Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Shortly after my entrance the preacher arose, and took for his text 1 Pet. iii. 3. 4. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, &c. but let it be even that of a meek and quiet spirit." On this subject he descanted with such impressive eloquence, that I should not have been surprised at seeing the feathers fly from the hats of the fair ones, and the braids and spangles doused from their heads—even in my own particular (although I never much venerated dress) there seemed to be some superfluities which might be retrenched: my powdered bobwig, for instance, with the silken bag tied to it, and which required a barber to dress it once a week, might be conveniently exchanged for a plain skull-cap of brown hair which would need no other attention than a little combing. My blue coat trimmed with lace and broad metal buttons stamped with the family arms of Epimeles would answer its purpose equally well lopped of its lace and furnished with the horn buttons of the country. These changes I meditated on the morrow, and consequently proceeded to a barber's shop to begin with my bobwig. *Strap* was busily engaged in recommending some elegant tresses to two or three youthful ladies, and setting forth with many rhetorical flourishes, the beauty of his bracelets and braids, which, he said, would be exceedingly ornamental. His voice struck me as not quite strange, and after a little attention, I discovered, that notwithstanding his metamorphosis, this was the identical person who had with such emphasis, on the preceding day, exposed the folly of personal vanity. Aha! I exclaimed, Monsieur Strap, thou shalt not alter my bobwig; for those blowest "hot and cold with the same mouth." At first I was much vexed at Strap for suffering the unrighteous Mammon to cloud his understanding the rest of the week, after having given such proofs of illumination on the sabbath; my indignation even went so far at that time, as unreasonably to suspend my proposed improvements; but since time has silvered o'er my few straggling hairs, experience has informed me, that *Strap* was too much like his fellow

mortals to merit peculiar reprehension. When I see a man praising liberality, and detesting any thing like grinding the face of the poor, yet haggling with a porter for a penny—another dressing in primitive simplicity, yet feasting like Dives, sumptuously every day—a planter *adoring* liberty, yet holding hundreds of his brethren in bondage, and a thousand other suchlike inconsistencies, I cannot help thinking, that *Strap*, and the Traveller in the fable, are not the only ones who "blow hot and cold with the same mouth."

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON GRATITUDE.

Written by A. Young, at 13 years of age. Her aunt having reproved the author over night for some fault, found the following lines upon her toilet in the morning.

Ah Gratitude! thou power benign,
That does such warmth impart,
Teach my unskilful muse to sing
The feelings of my heart.

Teach me to thank the generous maid,
Who rear'd my infant years,
That gives me every useful aid,
And mourns my faults with tears.

Her tenderness I can't repay,
Nor half her love recount;
Each rising morn, and ending day,
Still adds to the amount.

All gracious God who rul'st on high,
Eliza's love reward,
Oh recompense her piety,
Her tender care regard.

Bless her with life, with health, with joy,
With happiness and peace;
Content that sweetens each employ,
And makes each station please.

That this be fair Eliza's lot
My constant prayer shall be,
And orphan's prayers are not forgot,
By Him who all can see.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

One of my connexions who is concerned for the dignity of our family, and fearful of its falling into disrepute, insists on my giving you a short account of its pedigree, for the information of some of those who appear disposed to slight and undervalue it, from their ignorance of our illustrious ancestry. He thinks that memoirs may, with as much propriety be written of the family of the *Clodhoppers*, as of many *others* of whom they *have been* written. We have many little anecdotes, he says, which, were they recorded, might not only amuse, but instruct; and moreover some of the manners and customs of our ancient family, might perhaps even be thought worthy of imitation, were they more generally known. I have therefore, at his earnest solicitation, concluded to send you a short sketch, which by way of title I shall call,

Memoirs of the family of Clodhoppers.

It would seem proper to begin with giving you an account of our primitive predecessors, the high rank they hold, and the great renown they had, in days of old; but that very renown seems to render it unnecessary; for the names of Numa Pompilius and Cincinnatus, the former, one of the first Kings of Rome, and the latter the celebrated senator, ploughman and dictator, are so well known that it is needless to say any thing respecting them. Now to these worthies of antiquity we have the honour to be allied; and we think it no mushroom honour neither. If we deemed it necessary to follow the root of our genealogical tree much farther, we think we could do it; but as we are sensible, that the "boast of heraldry," will do but little toward removing the prejudices which may be entertained against us, we shall not dwell any longer upon the subject of our descent. The family of the Clodhoppers, like many others, has its peculiarities; they are nevertheless of such a nature, as ought (we humbly think) to command very high respect. —It has been remarked of them that they have very generally preferred a country to a city life; and that their occupation, has been invariably the same; which, to speak of it in the language of one of our fathers, when his "head was silver'd o'er with age" is, "Whether we consider it as a means of procuring, as well the necessaries as luxuries of life, of providing a security against the aggregated calamities of scarcity, famine and disease, or of engaging the mind in active and extensive pursuits of general knowledge, is one of the most useful and important of all the arts, which have employed the attention of mankind."—I well remember hearing him further, addressing a son of his, who had conceived a dislike for his calling, and was desirous of exchanging a country for a city residence,—"Agriculture" (for this was his occupation) is one of those arts, which, from the earliest periods, have been deservedly held in the highest estimation. One of the first injunctions, my son, upon our original parent, after his dismission from the garden of Eden, was, that he should "till the ground." Subsequent experience has fully proved, that the cultivation of this necessary art, contributes in a high degree to the prosperity and happiness of the human race.—Wouldst thou, my son, forsake thy native healthful fields, and retreat to those busy haunts of men, which thy worthy predecessors, as they dreaded contamination, have so studiously avoided?

"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure rage?"

Banish from thy mind those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes of happiness, and remember, that,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Thus the old man continued the persuasive strain to his ambitious son, and I am sorry to say, it was without effect; —He left his father's house and went to live in the City. His history, had I time to pursue it, would be interesting—at present I must decline it; if leisure should allow me to continue it, I may probably do it at some future period.—This digression, while it discovers the exalted opinion entertained by the old man of our family calling will, at the same time serve to shew that, we have not been entirely without those, who, have *sighed* for some others.—My occasional visits to the city are frequent, and perhaps, when I come again you may have an addition to these memoirs.—At present I must beg you to be liberal in your allowances for errors in grammar and spelling, as I am a plain unlettered man. Yours.

CADWALADER CLODHOPPER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

The evening zephyr's murm'ring sigh
Steals gently on my ear,
A deep'ning shade invades the sky,
And twinkling stars appear

Adown the stream that winds along
With clear untroubled wave,
I ramble from the bustling throng,
To seek a mossy cave;

Where oft estrang'd from anxious care
I pass a tranquil hour,
And all the gentle pleasures share
Of meditation's power.

The sedge-crown'd stream here foaming glides
And murmurs o'er the rock,
The willows trembling on its sides,
Confess the powerful shock.

The sparkling bubbles rise below,
Then sink again to rest;
Or down the winding valley flow,
With length'ned being bless'd.

As onward moves the winding stream,
A tributary rill,
Oft glitters in the moon's soft beam,
And murmurs down the hill.

At length is seen a broad expanse,
Where oft the village maids,
With trembling feet and timid glance,
Steal through night's fav'ring shades

To bathe amid the peaceful wave,
With youthful frolics gay,
Their fair and polish'd limbs to lave,
Soft glowing in the ray.

Oft have I heard their shouts of glee,
Borne on the evening gale,
And strains of rustic harmony,
Swell sweetly through the vale.

Yet on their haunts I ne'er intrude,
With rude unhallowed eye,
But in this peaceful solitude,
The evening hour enjoy.

SYLVANUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

It were useless to expatiate on the beauties of modesty and idle to prompt the greatness of virtue; more has already been written than will be attended to, more advice given than will be taken, what age enforces, youth too frequently despises, make these mature and they will listen, subdue their passions and their reason is submissive—still children in nature are children in sin; and as that cannot be called an abstract good, neither can this, a relative evil, thence it would seem that vice were the companion of youth while indiscretion is the accompanyment of inexperience, and that custom and education must first have their effect. Evil is more easy to learn, and more congenial to us, than good; and if this be our nature, example is the most likely means of teaching virtue.—An early attention to the disposition of Children will seldom fail to be a future and late happiness to parents, so lasting are the images held to to us in our infancy and so much can they before strengthened by the continuance of them, that when they are good the effect will seldom miss being happy.—Female modesty must be admired by every body; and, mothers, it rests fully with you to make it generally habitual. Every man of sense courts it, and, as the companions of such, you alone expect your daughter to be happy—I would prefer senseless modesty to brazen wisdom—& time will shew you the bad consequence of having neglected these impressions, if I cannot convince you of the good one of attending to them.

S. G.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

STANZAS TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship!—sweet theme—tho' oft with hands profane,
Thy hallow'd altar's strewn with scentless flowers,
Tho' oft thy praise prolongs the poet's strain,
Whose heart ne'er felt thy sympathetic powers.—

Thee I invoke—with no fictitious lay,
No tinsell'd glare of feelings *falsely fine*,—
'Tis Ella bids—and Ella to obey
Is but to worship at thy sacred shrine.—

'Tis thine blest power! to smoothe life's rugged road'
To soothe the aching heart oppress'd with care,
To alleviate affliction's galling load,
And sweeten ills humanity must bear.

Illum'd by thee, Arabia's deserts smile,
And Alpine hills in richest bloom are dress'd,
Disease's poignant pang thy charms beguile,
And sorrow's weight sits lightly on the breast.

Round Ella's heart thy mystic bonds entwine,
O'er Ella's bosom reign with calm delight,
Let tender sympathy with power divine,
Charm every sorrow—every ill requite.

Ne'er may distrust mistake a friend's embrace,
Nor base deceit her heart with anguish rend,
Still may she meet with welcome on each face,
In every virtuous bosom find a friend.

March 15, 1804. L.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

FORTITUDE.

Heaven still preserves the truly innocent,
Still breathes a firm support within his heart,
And calmly leads him through the midst of danger;
Shines round his path illumines every feature,
And oft the guilty heart is made to tremble:
The cheek of impudence to glow with shame;
When virtue calm, midst the severest trials,
Confronts the dastard countenance of vice.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

ANTHONY BENEZET was born in France in the year 1713. The persecution, on account of religious opinions, which then existed in that country, induced his parents to leave France. After a residence of many years in London, they and their son, the subject of this memoir, went to America, and settled in Philadelphia.

He was a man of sound understanding, of great piety, humility and self-denial, and of a very benevolent disposition. Being desirous of spending his life in a manner the most useful to his fellow-creatures, he devoted himself to the education of youth. In this arduous, but truly honourable employment, he passed about forty years; and acquitted himself very much to the satisfaction of parents & children. His great object was, to imbue the minds of his pupils with reverence for religion, and to train them up in the course of virtue. Pecuniary advantages were of small moment in his estimation, of which he gave many striking proofs. A short time before his decease, he declared in a letter to a friend, that though leisure and retirement would be very agreeable to him, he was well satisfied to remain in his occupation; and that he knew no other, whatever might be its advantages, for which he would exchange his employment, unless it were a commission to preach and propagate, as a minister, of the Gospel of Christ.

When the school established in Philadelphia, "for the instruction of black people and their offspring," was suspended, on account of the indisposition their teacher, he voluntarily surrendered his own school to other competent persons, and undertook the education of those people, though, in a pecuniary respect, he lost considerably by the change. His humility, and his sympathy with that unhappy race of men, disposed him to think no condescensions degrading, by which he could be peculiarly useful to them: and he was greatly desirous, that they might be so improved in their minds, as to render the freedom which they had lately recovered, a real blessing to themselves, and a benefit to the state.

He was a friend to the poor and the distressed of every description, and laboured most earnestly for their relief and welfare. It may indeed be said of him, that his whole life was spent in going about doing good to men. He appeared to do every thing as if the words of his Saviour were continually sounding in his ears; "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He was, as Dr. Rush observed, a man of a truly catholic spirit; one who loved piety and virtue in others, wherever he found them; & who respected all sincere worshippers of God, in whatever manner that worship was performed.

The miseries of the enslaved Africans, and the great injuctice done them, very deeply affected his compassionate heart. He published many tracts on the subject; supported an extensive correspondence with persons in Europe and America, who were likely to aid his benevolent views; and exerted himself to the utmost, to ameliorate the condition of the negroes, and to procure the entire abolition of the Trade. As he was one of the earliest advocates of these injured men, and indefatigably pursued his object, we may fairly attribute to his labours, with the Divine blessing upon them, a great part of that spirit of inquiry into their situation, and sympathy with their distresses, which have spread over the world, and which, we trust, will, ere long, destroy this system of inhumanity and injustice.

About a year before his decease, his health became much impaired; but being

of a lively disposition, very temperate, and zealously concerned to occupy his talents to the last, he supported his school, till he was quite disabled from performing the duties of it. But his charity and beneficence continued with life. The last time he walked across his room, was to take from his desk six dollars, which he gave to a poor widow whom he had long assisted to maintain. Three hours before his death, he delivered to his executors a number of tracts, in sheets, on religious subjects, with directions for their being bound and dispersed. He devised nearly the whole of his estate, after the decease of his wife, to trustees, for the support and benefit of the Negro school, of which he had been the tutor. And thus, having lived a most useful and exemplary life, he was well prepared for the approach of death. He endured his pains with much patience; and, with Christian composure of mind, resigned this mortal life in the firm expectation of a happy immortality.

The loss of this beneficent man was deeply felt by his fellow citizens; and his funeral was attended by a great number of persons of all ranks, & of all religious professions; and many hundreds of Negroes joined the procession. It may justly be said, that "the mourners went about the streets," and that his death was embalmed with tears. An officer, who had served in the American army during the late war, in returning from the funeral, pronounced a striking eulogium upon him. It contained but few words: "I would rather," said he, "be Anthony Benezet, in that coffin, than the great Washington, with all his honours."

Having met with an excellent piece of advice to married persons, and believing it might be useful to many of the readers of the Evening Fire-side, I have made from it the following Extract and now offer it to you for insertion.

A Friend to Piety.

An address to Married Persons.

The duties between man and wife are various and important. They suppose the union not of persons only, but also and particularly of affections. It is not joining of hands but of hearts, which constitutes marriage in the sight of God. See then, that no motives of interest or convenience deceive you into a notion that you love one another, while you do not.

God never winks at the violation of nature, nor suffers it to take place with impunity. But this must be the case in every marriage where mutual attachment is wanting. And that family is uniformly cursed with the most substantial wretchedness, where there subsists no love between the heads of it. Thou, who art the husband, must treat thy wife with delicacy and discretion. Nothing in nature is so endearing, so winning, so captivating as tenderness; nothing creates aversion so soon, so strong, so inveterate, as rudeness, indifference, or disrespect. She depends on thee for protection and comfort, in her difficulties. For thy sake she has left her friends, her connections, and all the world, and should she meet with a tyrant in stead of a lover, she may repent of this day as long as she lives. Never incense nor insult her; and as thou wishest to keep thy own temper and peace, ruffle not hers: for crossness and asperity, especially when they settle in moroseness and ill nature, are the qualities of a savage, not of a Christian. Never, on any pretence whatever, squander that in dress, drinking, or dissipation, which thou shouldest lay by for the benefit of thy family. By all the laws of God and man, of justice and love, they have an exclusive claim on whatever thou canst earn; and every unnecessary indulgence which thou takest, apart from them, is at their expence and injury. Consult thy wife, especially in all cases of difficulty, it is her interest, as well as her duty, to give thee the best advice she can, Never keep her ignorant of thy circumstances: this has been the undoing of millions of families. The wife who deserves the name, will never fail to economise, when she knows that her partner's circumstances require it. Be not much uneasy, though the world should sometimes think she has her full share of influence. Women of good sense seldom abuse their husband's confidence. And thou wilt see few happy families, in which the wife is either a slave or a cypher.

Be ye equally yoked, is the command of God: let neither seek basely to throw an undue weight on the anothers shoulders. Suffer no interference from any quarter whatever to interrupt your harmony: you are connected for life.—Nothing can separate your fate in this world; O let nothing divide your affections. Regard each other with the fullest confidence; the least spark of suspicion from either, must forever blast the comfort of both. There can be no harmony where there is no faith.—A wife should not only love her husband, but on every occasion shew him all the attention in her power.—Study by every means to make his home comfortable and inviting. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also; and a man's presence, as well as his heart, will always be there most, where he has most pleasure. And I'll venture to assert it as a fact incontestable, that he who finds his home a paradise, will seldom stroll into the wilderness of the world. While on the other hand, a scolding wife and a hot house have driven many a wretched husband to a tavern, where cards, women, and wine, have sealed his own destruction and that of his family.

In a word, be habitually loving and kind to one another. Have no separate secrets, nor allow yourselves any airs of mystery: but open your whole hearts to each other. Conceal as much as possible one anothers foibles, and cultivate habits of affibility, forbearance, and good nature. Never be sullen, or in a pet with each other, especially in the presence of strangers. And, to say all in all love, live together as the heirs of glory; and may the richest blessings of Almighty God be with your mutual portion, both in this world and in the next.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the Passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight,
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there.
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and wo,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone,
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.

Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesus! to be thine.
Who know thy will observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:

Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

PARNELL.

THE ILL CONSEQUENCES OF PRIDE.

A young lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. "Pray madam," said the grey-headed steward, "may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home: you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice," answered she, "when you are desired, I admit of no instructions from servants." She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth; and she sat down on a smooth spot by the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home.—After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postillion. "You are far from home, madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?" "Prithee, fellow, be not officious." The night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback. "Mistress, will you get up behind me, Dobbin is sure-footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way." "Mistress!" exclaimed she, "how dare you presume." "No offence," said the young man, and rode away, humming the song, *I love Sue.* It was night: the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came by an old man driving an empty cart. "Friend," said she, with an humble accent, "will you let me go with you?" Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune: Pride is the cause of many.

THE CHANGE.

The poplars are fell'd and adieu to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade:
The winds play no longer, and sing in their leaves,
Nor the Ouse, on its surface, their image receives.

Twelve years had elaps'd since I took the last view,
Of my favourite field and the place where they grew;
When behold on their sides in the grass they were laid,
And I sat on the tree under which I had stray'd.

The blackbird has sought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his notes have oft charm'd me before,
Shall resound with his smooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must myself lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove rise up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys,
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

COWPER.

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Linegar, titular archbishop of Dublin about thirty years since, was a man of lively parts, and very communicative; he happened in a large mixed company to be introduced to Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was, to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some one in the company; they sat near each other at table, where the Doctor engaged attention by his sprightly manner; Mr. Swan, to silence him, addressed him, Mr.——I forget your name; Linegar, replied the Doctor. I ask your pardon; I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names, you'll not be offended, if in the course of conversation I should name Doctor *Vinegar:* O, not at all, replied the Doctor; I have the same defect, & it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I shall by-and-by think you a *Goose.* The laugh was effectually turned against the Cynic, who never attempted a second sarcasm that evening, and went away as soon as he decently could.

The Singular History of a Peasant of Syria.

A Peasant, near Damascus, in the year that the locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell his implements of labour. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, he heard tell of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, character and origin of this warrior. They related the manner he had risen from the state of slavery to his present greatness.

The astonished countryman knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. A ray of hope revived in his breast. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learned, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta where he embarked and landed at Damietta.

A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely he will acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy upon his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of a famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He enters the capital and repairs to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presents himself to the Prince's attendants and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience; his dress and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain what he sought for; but his age, that age so much respected in the East, pleaded in his favour.

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him "Let him enter," says he. The peasant advances with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reclining on a sopha, embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out, "You are my child." The Bey raises him up, endeavors to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt and make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometism.

The generous old Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might be dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly rejected therefore this offer of his son, and had courage enough to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in, demanded immediate succour, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria with a small vessel laden with corn.

The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort and happiness.

POWDER.

From a foreign Publication.

To powder the hair, and to give the colour one desires, is a very old fashion. Josephus relates, that the horse grenadiers of King Solomon, used every day gold power, that their hair might glitter in the sun. The ancient beauties of Italy powdered themselves even with gold. Grecian Princes ordered their body guards to throw gold powder in their hair. Among the fashionable persons of both sexes in ancient Rome, fair hair was regarded the most beautiful; but, after being painted and perfumed, according to the customs of Asia, it was powdered with gold. The Emperors Verus and Commodus favoured particularly this fashion. The head of Commodus, when in the sun, glittered as if it had been in flames.

The powder of our days was, however, unknown to the ancients. The idea, that it dates only from the period when wigs were invented, is not right. It was used long before, and was invented in France. Though it was not common in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. this Prince certainly used it, without approving it. It was to please one of his mistresses, that he first ordered his large long black wig to be powdered. Brantome mentions, that Margaretta of Valois did every thing in her power to make herdark hair lighter; but in vain. Had, in her time, 1572, our hair powder been invented, she would have easily obtained her wishes.

In the beginning, it was regarded as a sin to powder one's hair; and, as such, the priests excommunicated it. In an old French Gazette, of 1593, it is related as a terrible reproach that nuns were seen walking in the streets of Paris with their hair in curls with powder. In the end of the seventeenth century, the comedians were the only persons who powdered themselves, and that only when upon the stage; when the plays were over, they combed out the powder. One of the causes why their corpses were not permitted to be buried in christian churchyards in France and Italy, was the *sacrilegious* use of hair powder, according to the pastoral letters of the prelates of those times. In a printed regulation concerning the police of Paris, 1602, all prostitutes are ordered to powder their hair on the right side, and to paint with *rouge* the left part of their faces, under pain of being sent to houses of correction, or to convents of repentance. In the same regulation, all gamesters, bankrupts and quacks were ordered to paint their noses with *rouge*, and to powder the back part of their hair, under pain of being sent to the gallies. Sorcerers and witches, under pain of being burned with hot irons, were ordered to powder the fore part of their hair, and to paint the under part of their faces with *rouge, couleur de feu.*

Three sorts of powder were only known formerly; white, grey and black. Yellow powder became fashionable fifty years ago, particularly when persons were dressed in black. At Paris every possible shade of hair powder, even green and blue, has since been made and used. In the time of Robespierre, the fashionable *sans culottes* of *both* sexes used powder and red wigs, to evince their *patriotism* and *approbation* of this revolutionary tyrant's reign of blood. Under the Directory, no powder was worn; and, under Bonaparte, grey and white powders are most fashionable.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

In this *morning's lounge*, half asleep and half awake, I was pondering on the Evening Fire-side, which I read over last night, and reflecting what a pity it was that some of your finest bards had, for some time past, ceased their song. In the midst of my reverie I fell asleep, when fancy embodied the following, which, as I dreamed it in rhyme I give in rhyme.—If you think it will do, by inserting it you will oblige me, and if my foolish *dream* would *awaken* any of your bards, I shall be more than compensated for the trouble of copying it.

SIMON SLUMBERMUCH.

To taste the sweets of even-tide,
I stroll'd along the river side
Just as the sun began to hide
Far in the west.
Around, the breezes sweetly play'd;
Luxuriant was the grassy glade,
With many a wild flower's mingling shade
Gracefully drest.

Delightful was the sylvan scene;
The half-grown leaves, so fair, so sheen,
Resemblance bore to youth's gay, green,
And blithsome days:
The streamlets, too, that fed the ground
Here, broad, expansive flow'd around—
And there in narrow channels wound
A thousand ways.

The little hills and hollow dells,
These undulating sinks and swells,
On which the eye of fancy dwells,
Were seen above.
No artificial finery
Disgusted sensibility,
But Nature reign'd harmoniously
In grot and grove.

'Twas now that portion of the day,
When warbling birds their sweetest lay
Pour forth from covert, thicket, spray,
Or leafy height:
And much I wonder'd all was mute;—
No thrill, nor chirp, nor whistling note
Did on the vernal breezes float
Breathing delight.

"Sweet Robin, why" no longer here
Thy "pensive lay" salutes my ear?
Alas! some ruthless wretch I fear
Hath murder'd thee!
While pleasure imp'd thy little wing,
Oft, listening, I have heard thee sing—
And must these vales no longer ring
With melody?"

Such was my plaint—when in the breeze
That rustled 'mongst the forest trees,
Soft music, swelling by degrees,
Grew clear and strong—
And thus th' unseen Musician's strain:
"Mourn not, thy favourites are not slain,
The woodlands shall resound again
With livelier song.

This is that season of the year,
When the poor shivering chorister
Hides in some deep retirement drear—
'Tis *moulting time.*
Now droops each ragged bird full low,
Yet soon their polish'd plumes will grow,
Their warblings soon be heard to flow
In notes sublime.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By the ship Hardware arrived at N. Y. in 39 days from Liverpool intelligence is received of the continuance and the extension of war in Europe; Russia and Sweden are said to have acceded to the propositions of Great Britain, consenting to receive a subsidy, and to place at her disposal an immense body of troops—some accounts say not less then 150,000 men. By a later arrival it appears that the grand secret expedition had actually sailed; and that the naval armaments in the ports of France, Spain, and Holland had made many dispositions for putting to sea, having received on board large quantities of troops and military stores.

In the files of London papers, much is said of the improper conduct of Lord Melville, while at the head of the admiralty, and a very general interest excited by the manner in which the affair has been discussed in Parliament. It appears very fully that his lordship was actually guilty, either of speculating himself with the public money, for his private interest, or knowingly suffer-

ing his secretary, (Mr. Trotter) to do so, to an immense amount; and that in consequence thereof, he has been compelled to resign his office, and suffer the disgrace of having a Resolution passed against him in Parliament, of gross violation of the law, and a high breach of duty.

Lord Hawkesbury is said to have been appointed to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty thus vacated, and that Lord Harrowby succeeds to the Secretaryship of the Home Department.

Intelligence is received of the Toulon squadron having passed into the Atlantic, and of its compelling Admiral Orde to abandon the blockade of Cadiz—where the French squadron had arrived—Various conjectures are formed of their further destination.—Should they be joined by the squadron at Ferrol, their force would exceed thirty sail of the line—with which they might attempt to enter Brest, and if successful, the combined fleet would amount to near sixty sail of the line. The greatest exertions were said to be making in the French and Spanish ports, and there was every appearance of an active naval campaign.

Bonaparte has caused himself to be proclaimed King of Italy: the throne of which is declared hereditary in his family, from male to male, in the direct and legitimate line, but to the perpetual exclusion of females. He is to go to Milan, to receive in form the crown of his new kingdom, which is understood to be ultimately destined for his brother Louis.

Besides this, another sovereignty has been set up in the family of the Bonapartes. Piombino has been erected into a principality; and the Emperor's good sister, the Princess Borghese, formerly Madame Le Clerc, has received from him, the sovereignty of it (but as a fief to France,) upon the flimsy pretence that that country may be rendered more useful to France by this change in its government.

The ports in Jamaica are open —A letter recently received in New-York contains the following postscript.

"Falmouth, Jamaica, May 5, 1805.—We are now to advise you, that accounts are actually received of the ports of this island being further continued open for six months."

DOMESTIC.

By a gentleman from the Missouri, intelligence hath been received, that war belts have been sent probably from the Sac nation of Indians, to the Southern and Northern tribes on this side of the Mississippi, and to various tribes on the Western side of that river. The object of this mission is, to engage those nations in a common cause against the Osages, who are represented as the enemies of all the other nations of Indians.

It is likewise their intention to cut the whole of the Osages off, being deemed extremely perfidious and vindictive to the other tribes, and from their force capable of robbing and destroying those who are compelled to resort to their neighbourhood in pursuit of game. The gentleman who brings this intelligence, says it is expected that the Osages in case of attack, will apply for assistance to the Government of Upper Louisiana; by which means it is there feared, that the United States will be induced to take up arms in their defence.

A slight shock of an Earthquake, is said to have been felt at Portsmouth New Hampshire, on the 12th ult. between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

We learn, that Roger Griswold, and Calvin Goddard, two of the Representatives in Congress from the State, of Connecticut, have resigned.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 18th to the 25th ult.—Adults 12—Children 18.—Total 30.

[The following valuable article is taken from Poulson's American Daily Advertiser. We think it presents in a striking point of view the inconsistency between the words and deeds of the FREEMEN OF UNITED AMERICA.]

TEXT.

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Declaration of Independence.

Illustration.

Copied from a Charleston paper of the tenth ult.

☞ The sale of the ship Nile's cargo of 264 prime Congo Negroes, will commence on board said vessel, at Vanderhorst's wharf, on the 8th inst. at ten o'clock.

WILLIAM BOYD.

For sale, Windward Coast Slaves. The cargo of the brig Thomas, capt. Bishop, consisting of prime Slaves from the windward Coast of Africa. The sales will commence the 8th inst. on board the said brig, at Champney's wharf.

TUNNO & COX.

The sale of the brig Fanny's cargo, of 179 prime Congo Negroes, will commence on board, at Geyer's wharf, to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

JOHN PRICE.

The sail of the schooner Republican's cargo of prime Slaves, from Gore, will commence on board this day, at ten o'clock, at Beale's wharf, and continue every day until the whole are disposed of. Terms, cash, on delivery.

Africans. The sale of the cargo of the brig Neptune, captain Shereman, consisting of 144 prime Gold Coast Slaves, will commence on board said vessel, at Vanderhorst's wharf, to-morrow, the 30th instant, and be continued till the whole are disposed of.

Africans for sale. The sale of the ship Marquis of Huntley's cargo of 368 prime Congo Negroes, will be continued on board said vessel, at Geyer's north wharf.

WILLIAM BOYDE.

"Still Slavery! still, thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account."

To our Subscribers.

We have *indirectly* heard of divers complaints respecting the irregular delivery of the EVENING FIRE-SIDE by the *City-carriers*. It would be considered as a favour, if those who think our labours worthy their attention would *directly* inform us of every omission of the kind. It may be obvious to every one, that by such intimations only we can discover the neglect of our Carriers, which when known shall not pass by unheeded, or unrepaired.

The packages for our Subscribers at a distance from the City, are so carefully put up that we are confident the few instances of disappointment which have occurred, are to be attributed either to misconveyance, or the neglect of postmasters, or to their being taken up by unauthorised persons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Upas tree*, and

AVARO's Epistle, are marked off for insertion. On the latter we mean to bestow due consideration.

True LOVE, whether in prose or verse, we hope no one will doubt, being welcomed by us with right good will. Would that not only the columns of the EVENING FIRE-SIDE, and our own hearts, but the hearts of all our Readers—and not the hearts of our Readers only, but of all Mankind, were full of it. Then would the peaceable principles of the FIRE-SIDE supersede the blustering, political Ephemerides at present so much the objects of attention and esteem.

L. 's selection we think well "worthy a place," and had it not come at the very heel of the week, would have received direct insertion. Communications of this kind are rare with us—and when, like the present, they bear the stamp of judgment, they will be considered as valuable contributions.

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